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1886-87

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# UNIVERSITY GAZETTE

VOL. X.]

McGILL COLLEGE, MONTREAL, MARCH 23RD, 1887.

[No. 10.]

## University Gazette.

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Rejected communications will not be returned, to which rule no exception can be made. The name of the writer must always accompany a communication.

All communications may be addressed to the Editors, P. O. Box 1290.

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### Editorials.

We regret to say that Mr. J. Ralph Murray is not improving very rapidly in Florida. Mr. Arthur Weir and Mr. A. P. Murray, two other of our associate editors, are ill, and unable to do their usual work on the GAZETTE. We hope for their speedy recovery.

### THE COLLEGE Y. M. C. A. BUILDING.

We direct the attention of our readers to Mr. Unsworth's letter, published in another column, upon the College Y.M.C.A. Building. With the movement we are in hearty sympathy, and are only anxious that the energy and enthusiasm of those who are its pro-

jectors, shall not develop into impatience. It would be a pity to erect a building which would not add to the beauty and grandeur of the pile that is being reared around old McGill. Ten thousand dollars is a modest sum to appropriate to such a work, and we would earnestly advise the friends of the undertaking to make haste slowly; and to aim not only at erecting a McGill Y.M.C.A. Building, but at erecting one which will be an ornament to the City and a credit to McGill.

### REPRESENTATIVE FELLOWS.

The time has again arrived when the graduates of the University are called upon to elect representatives at the meetings of Corporation. No change has been made in the method of electing these men; graduates of any faculty have the right, on payment of fifty cents, to vote for the representative fellow of any other faculty. The ill-advised plan of election advocated by a few sometime ago has apparently received its quietus from a high authority. That soul-stirring petition to the Governors must have mis-carried; at any rate, the course of the GAZETTE in this matter has evidently been endorsed by the solid men of the University, and our action in opposing the change has been vindicated.

The retiring fellows this year are:—Medicine, Dr. Craik; Arts, Mr. Dougall; Law, Judge Tait; Science, Prof. McLeod. There is not likely to be any contest in either Medicine, Arts or Science. Dr. Craik will be re-elected in Medicine and Mr. Dougall in Arts. We are fortunate in securing Dr. Craik's services for another term. As regards the Arts representative, we must confess to considerable disappointment that no opponent to Mr. Dougall has been brought out. He has not kept himself in touch with the younger and the more progressive element among the graduates; a man of strong prejudices, he is not sufficiently careful to look into the opinions of his adversaries before committing himself to a line of action which is opposed to a liberal reform.

In Science, Mr. Skaife has been nominated, and is supported by Prof. McLeod, the retiring fellow, who will not seek re-election. We heartily approve of Mr. Skaife's candidature; he is active and energetic, has shown himself in earnest over whatever work he has undertaken in connection with University organi-



zations, and will doubtless make a useful representative.

In Law there is likely to be a contest between Prof. Hutchinson and Mr. McGoun. We would impress upon the graduates their duty to qualify early, and to register their votes in favor of one or the other of these candidates. Mr. Hutchinson has shewn himself in the past to be in harmony with the younger graduates upon many desirable reforms in the law faculty, and he has besides the confidence of the older men. His opponent, Mr. McGoun, is in many respects an estimable man, but the position of representative-fellow at McGill is the exact position which Mr. McGoun is not qualified to fill. He appears to be imbued with a slavish respect for the very narrow-minded and intensely conservative policy which has been up to a late date predominant there. We feel confident that there is little doubt of Mr. Hutchinson's election.

### Poetry.

#### A LESSON OF MERCY.

Beneath a palm-tree, by a clear cool spring,  
God's Prophet, Mahomet, lay slumbering,  
Till, roused by chance, he saw before him stand  
A foeman, Durther—scimeter in hand.  
The chieftain bade the startled sleeper rise:  
And, with a flame of triumph in his eyes,  
"Who now can save thee, Mahomet?" he cried.  
"God," said the Prophet, "God, my friend and guide."  
Awe-struck the Arab dropped his naked sword,  
Which, grasped by Mahomet, defied its lord:  
And, "Who can save thee now thy blade is won?"  
Exclaimed the Prophet. Durther answered, "None!"  
Then spake the victor, "Though thy hands are red  
With guiltless blood unmercifully shed,  
I spare thy life—I give thee back thy steel—  
Henceforth, compassion for the helpless feel."  
And thus the twain, unyielding foes of yore  
Clasped hands, in token that their feud was o'er.

GEO. MURRAY.

### Contributions.

#### UNIVERSITY LITERARY SOCIETY.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS, DELIVERED IN THE WILLIAM  
MOLSON HALL, DEC. 3RD, 1887.

MR. R. C. SMITH, in opening his address, after welcoming the large audience present, and thanking his hearers for the generous interest shewn in the welfare of the Society, sketched briefly its origin, history, present condition and prospects, and continuing, said:—When the Society did me the honour of electing me to the chair, I had, in a desultory way, been amusing myself with mythology, and I thought I might incur less risk of doing violence to the opinions of any of my fellow-members were I to go back some centuries—escaping the hurly-burly of a divided public opinion—and look at a few myths of different periods; making, perhaps, a few harmless observations upon possible realizations of them in our times. Perhaps it would be a wise, precautionary

measure for me to say just here, that if, in doing so, I should seem to express some opinions, these are not necessarily to be taken as the opinions of the Society. If there be a danger of such a thing, I shall be obliged to act like a character in one of our more modern and less classical myths—"the Mikado"—and to say that the opinions which I am about to express, in my individual capacity, in my capacity as President of the University Literary Society, I here and now, in advance, disclaim and utterly repudiate.

With a subject so full of poetry, I fear you would not be disposed to listen very complacently to a prosaic analysis or comparison of the sources of mythology, and as there is no vice more terribly visited by the gods than that of presumption, I have no intention of attempting such an analysis. If you insist upon that, you must read Max Müller for yourselves. I propose simply, as I said before, to look at a few of the old myths with which you are, of course, familiar, and then, with some degree of licence, to endeavour to discover analogies in modern life. I may say that I do not intend to "improve" each of these myths by appending thereto the lengthy course of didactic platitudes which we are coming to understand by such terms as "wholesome lesson." It is quite time, as Addison says, that "Fables take off from the severity of instruction, and enforce it at the same time that they conceal it," but it is often a very hazardous thing to extract from a fable its moral, and apply it judiciously. For example, I suppose I could select no more familiar and generally reputable myth than that of "the man in the moon." The old German story is that one Sunday morning an old man went out to cut wood, and returning home with his faggot on his back, he was met by a stately gentleman, who asked him if he did not know that Sunday on earth was a day of rest. "Sunday on earth and Monday in heaven are the same thing to me," irreverently replied the old man. "Then bear your burden for ever," sternly rejoined the stranger, "and as you value not Sunday on earth, you shall have eternal noon-day in heaven," and that straightway the facetious old faggot-bearer was transported to the moon, where he bears his bundle still. So there is the German word for the full moon, which means a faggot. Now, this simple story has developed a wonderful amount of learning and discussion, in the midst of which, I'm afraid, the moral which I was going to introduce to you will be fairly strangled. I came upon quite an extensive collection of versions and opinions of this simple narrative. Tobler says the old sinner was given his choice of burning in the sun or freezing in the moon, and that he chose the latter. Wolf, another German writer, brings a woman into the story, and says the old delinquent's wife is there, too, bearing a butter tub, because she made butter on Sunday. It is very probable that she did, and I would not be surprised to learn that, like her mother Eve, she loaded the wood on the old man's back; but all this complicates the fable. Fischart comes with a totally new theory, and says—"There is to be seen in the moon a manniken who stole wood," while Praetorius says that "superstitious people assert that the black flecks in the moon are a



man who gathered wood on a Sabbath, and is, therefore, turned into stone." Some say he was a sheep-stealer, and enticed the sheep to him by a bunch of cabbages; others, that he merely stole willow bows. Dante speaks of him as Cain. Chaucer has the larceny theory, and pictures him—

"Bearing a bush of thornis on his backe,  
Whiche for his theft might clime so ner the heaven."

So Alexander Neckham, a writer in the twelfth century, has it, his theory being familiarly translated—

"See the rustic in the moon,  
How his bundle weighs him down;  
Thus his sticks the truth reveal—  
It never profits man to steal."

Now, a great many contend that there is a dog there too. Shakespeare has this version in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," where directions are being given for the play of Pyramus and Thisbe—

"All I have to say,  
Is to tell you that the lantern is the moon—  
Is the man in the moon;  
This thorn bush, my thorn bush;  
And this dog, my dog."

Again, in the "Tempest," he brings in the dog. Indeed, so much prominence is given to the dog, as to suggest whether the man was not sent there because he kept a dog that barked at nights and kept the neighbours awake. This new little theory of my own would obtain colour from the fact that, if ever upon a moonlight night you are particularly tired and anxious to sleep, all the dogs in your neighbourhood are to be seen and heard, sitting upon their haunches, arguing the subject out with their representative in the moon in loud and discordant tones. It being thus uncertain whether the man in the moon was sent there for Sabbath-breaking, for stealing, or for keeping a noisy dog, it becomes impossible to point the moral with that clearness of statement which should characterize the utterances of a public teacher. I may dismiss the fable with the observation that, perhaps, it will be well to be on the safe side, and equally to avoid Sabbath-breaking, stealing, and keeping noisy dogs.

It is one thing to sit down and construct a fable to illustrate a truth, as Æsop and Gay doubtless did, and quite another to interpret a myth whose origin is lost in antiquity. Lord Bacon, in his preface to the series of fables which he groups under the title of "The Wisdom of the Ancients," says—"It is true that fables in general are composed of ductile matter that may be drawn into great variety by a witty talent or an inventive genius, and be delivered of plausible meanings which they never contained. But this procedure has already been carried to excess; and great numbers, to procure the sanction of antiquity to their own notions and inventions, have miserably worsted and abused the fables of the ancients." Indeed, more than one of the dissertations of Lord Bacon himself, which follow, seem distinguished rather by their sound philosophy and freedom of expression than by any exact analogy to, or natural sequence from, the myths explained. He says that, upon deliberate consideration, his judgment is that a "concealed instruc-

tion and allegory was originally intended in many of the ancient fables, the very monstrosity of many of them proving that they were framed to illustrate some truth; for," he says, "certainly no mortal could, but for the sake of the moral it couches, invent such an absurd dream, so much out of the road of thought." "Thus," he continues, "Metis plainly signifies counsel, prudence." By way of parenthesis, I may observe that when pronounced Metis, it perhaps does not as plainly signify prudence. That Lord Bacon's view is a rational one few will question, for we know that in the early history of all peoples and all literatures, parable and metaphor occupy relatively the position which inductive science does at a later period.

We know well the fable of the Sphinx, that monster with a woman's head and a lion's body, who used to way-lay the poor Thebans, and when they failed to solve the mysterious riddle which she proposed to them, she fell upon them in their confusion and tore them to pieces. The Thebans, wishing to rid their country of so terrible a plague, offered their kingdom to the man who could solve her riddle, as this was the only way in which she could be subdued. Œdipus at last presented himself before her, when she propounded the riddle:—"What is that creature which has four feet, then two feet, then three feet, and is weakest when it has most?" Œdipus answered promptly—"It is man, who first goes on all fours, then stands erect upon two feet, and finally grows old, and uses a staff as a third foot." Her riddle being answered, the she monster throws herself from the rock and is killed. Œdipus obtained the kingdom, but his sad fate, and his daughter Antigone's devotion, you have in the matchless tragedies of Sophocles. It is improbable that any such riddle would have been imagined and placed in the mouth of the Sphinx, unless the minds of the people, among whom the fable arose, had been habituated to seek for truth in symbols and similes. Therefore, Lord Bacon may be right when he says that the Sphinx represents Science propounding perplexing questions to mankind, impelling to action, choice, and determination, annexing to all her riddles the alternative conditions—dilaceration to those who do not solve them, but empire to those who do.

Whether or not it be true that the ancient fables were originally intended to present morals is really not very material, for even if they were but the erratic workings of uncivilized imagination, they may still be lawfully employed to illustrate truth.

Into what a sphere of poetry and romance we ascend if we rise to gaze upon their manifold divinities. As we have not before us the great picture of Jupiter among the gods, we cannot, of course, hope to breathe, even in imagination, the rare atmosphere of the lower heavens, but, at the mere mention of the classical deities, what pictures shape themselves in every mind! Every class of mankind, and almost every feature of nature, has its appropriate god or goddess, and the number of feminine deities is sufficient to provoke some envy on our part. What a group they make! Jupiter, the ruler of heaven, and Juno, his queen; Neptune, the god of the sea; blushing Æolus, the god of the winds; Minerva, the



goddess of wisdom and the liberal arts; the lovely Venus, the alternately reviled and adored goddess of love. The spring-time was specially sacred to her, and, according to the poet laureate, is so still, for—

“In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished  
dove,  
In the spring a young man’s fancy lightly turns to  
thoughts of love.”

Then there is Aurora, goddess of morning, and Nox the sable goddess of night; Vesta, goddess of the hearth, no statue gracing her temple, but her living symbol, the eternal fire upon her altar, telling of the light and warmth of home life; Mars and Bellona, the god and goddess of war, and Pax, the god of peace—god and goddess of war—*god* of peace; Apollo, god of divination and president of the muses; Vulcan, the god of fire, and Pluto, the ruler of Hades itself. And we should not forget Mercury, who figures about as frequently as any of the gods. He was their messenger, and himself the god of merchants and commerce. Merchants, as a class, are, of course, a most highly estimable portion of the community, but, as a rule, they are rather prone to enjoy a joke at the expense of other classes who do not enjoy the good fortune to be merchants. The unhappy medical profession, sons of Æsculapius, and even some other extremely honest classes, are frequently made the targets of their trenchant wit. In their pleasantries there sometimes lies a covert suggestion that their brethren of the clergy, and of medicine, and of law, do not live with an eye single to the good of humanity. Not in a spirit of retaliation, but merely in friendly seeking after truth, as philosophy has been defined, it becomes expedient to enquire how Mercury came to be the god of merchants. Some pretend it was because, with winged feet, he went from place to place on errands for his brother divinities; but this is a most unsatisfactory solution, for it is evident that he must have been selected on account of his principal characteristic. Now, beyond the possibility of a doubt, his principal characteristic was that he stole everything that came within his reach. It was, according to the most authentic accounts, only a few hours after his birth that he displayed this distinguishing propensity, for, escaping from his cradle, he stole some of Apollo’s oxen, and drove them off to Pylos. Apollo, being the god of divination, of course detected him at once. Mercury’s poor, distracted mother pointed to the babe in the cradle as incapable of such depredation, but Apollo, nevertheless, haled him before Jupiter, when the young thief, hopelessly cornered, so charmed Apollo by playing upon a lyre he had constructed with a tortoise shell, that Apollo let him keep the oxen. Now, Mercury maintained the reputation this incident gave him to the very end of his history. You remember he stole Vulcan’s tools; he stole the trident from Neptune; he stole the quiver and arrows from Apollo; he robbed Venus of her magic girdle; and far transcending the puny peculations of modern times, he even stole the sceptre of Jupiter himself. Sometimes he stole simply for the fun of stealing; for, you remember that, when the giant Typhon defeated Jupiter in battle and cut

out his sinews, Mercury stole the sinews from the giant and restored them to Jupiter again. Of course, merchants, I had nothing to do with selecting your patron divinity, and have no responsibility, whatever, in the premises.

Of course, I take it for granted that there was no superfluous deity. Now, there were two goddesses of revenge or retribution, Ate and Nemesis; and, yet, there is Anteros, a god whose special duty it is to avenge slighted love. I once wondered whether Ate and Nemesis were kept so busy with ordinary matters of revenge, that they could not deal with those who failed to reciprocate the tender passion; but a moment’s consideration reveals the reason. It lies in the sex of Ate and Nemesis, for their visitations would fall almost entirely upon their mundane sisters; man, as a matter of course, reciprocating all the affection ever bestowed upon him, and it could not be expected that they would deal with the offenders with sufficient impartiality and severity. A male god was, therefore, necessary to properly avenge unrequited love.

I have not pretended to run over the deities in anything like chronological order; indeed, I have altogether omitted to mention some of the most ancient and venerable. The oldest of all the gods was Chaos, his children Cœlus and Terra, producing Saturn, the father of Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto. In this advanced nineteenth century there are many who have gone back to Chaos as their divinity, as though, having exhausted the complete circuit of existence and thought, they were compelled to fall back upon first principles.

Before passing from the deities, I must mention one whose worship is more popular to-day than ever before in the world’s history. I refer to Plutus, the god of wealth. He is represented as lame in his approach, but as winged in his departure. Many will recognize him by this description. Jupiter is said to have deprived him of sight, that he might distribute his favours without any regard to the merits or demerits of the recipients. This is the most comforting reflection to us, who are not possessed of his bounty, while those who are, will, I suppose, probably reason that in the nineteenth century the god Plutus has begun to wear glasses, and that now he does not pay his visits so indiscriminately as he used to. While he is most devotedly worshipped by the multitude, there is a wide-spread feeling that his lameness in arriving is a serious defect in a peculiarly fast age, and the ingenuity of man is taxed to provide artificial means of hastening his halting approach. Too many are saying to themselves—“True, I am engaged in an honourable, a useful, and a necessary occupation, but if I simply pursue it steadily as I have begun, the tardy god of wealth, with his measured tread, will not reach me for ten, twenty, or thirty years.” So we have an unwholesome straining, in almost every direction, to acquire wealth in defiance of the law of equivalents.

In a new country like ours, when natural increment in values is frequently very rapid, there is the greater temptation to seek riches without yielding any equivalent in time and labour, and our younger men will do well to look to it lest this mania for speculation



should undermine the diligence and perseverance, patient courage, and unswerving integrity of purpose, which have been the foundation of character in those men who have raised our empire to her commercial pre-eminence.

And, perhaps, I may here be indulged if I say a word to those who have wealth. The mythology, which is, in a random way, guiding my remarks to-night, contains examples of those whom even unbounded riches failed to satisfy, of those in whom increasing wealth only created the appetite it could never appease. King Midas was a fabled king of Phrygia, renowned the world o'er for his untold riches. He performed some service for a friend of Bacchus, and in return that god told him he might ask whatever boon he wished. The king immediately asked that all things which he should touch should become gold. The prayer was granted, but it was not long before the king discovered his folly, for the food which he raised to his lips became gold. In his desperation he again sought the god, and implored that his accursed gift might be withdrawn. Bacchus had compassion on him, and bade him go and bathe in the sources of the river Pactolus. He hastened and did so. He was saved from his fate, and the river rolled golden sands for ever. You rich men know better than I whether King Midas is confined to fable or has his counterpart among the living. If so, let him heed well the interpretation of the fable, for it is an interpretation more facile and unequivocal than any other myth is susceptible of. King Midas is the man of wealth, who, seeking to add fortune to fortune, perchance discovers that he is trying to feed with gold appetites and aspirations of his soul that the dull, cold metal can never satisfy. He craves enlargement of his mental grasp, expansion of his thought, widening of his horizon beyond mere selfish interests. He wishes to be in unison with all that is progressive, that is heroic, that is noble, in the world, but he feels that his only means of subsistence is his increasing fortune, and it possesses no nourishment for cravings such as these. How shall he be saved from a starvation of the soul a thousand times worse than that which threatens Midas? Where is the source of the fabled river Pactolus in which he may bathe and be saved? With authority more undoubted than that of Bacchus I can declare to him that the river Pactolus is the treasury of McGill University. There let him go with his surplus gold in liberal endowment and he will be freed. He will know what it means to have interests outside his vault and his ledger; his name will descend through Canadian history together with those other noble benefactors, whose names posterity will hold in grateful remembrance; while (to complete the simile) this grand old institution shall, even in greater fulness, roll forth through this country the rising volume of wisdom, which, a high authority assures us, is much better than gold.

This same King Midas, you remember, got into further trouble. The arts seem to have been very well looked after by the deities, as every particular department had its patron god. From the moment that Mercury invented the lyre and charmed Apollo

of his oxen, music was especially popular. Nor was this to be wondered at, when we remember the marvellous things accomplished by means of its spell. Orpheus discoursed such rapturous strains that rocks and trees followed him. The mere fact of rocks following a perambulating musician is not in itself entirely remarkable—such things have occurred in modern times—but that trees should form a procession after him completes an undoubted marvel. Rocks seem to have been, in former ages, quite susceptible, for, at the magic sound of Amphion's lyre, did not the mighty stones gather together and form the wall of Thebes? Did not Orpheus defeat the sirens, and Arion charm the dolphin? Well, the gods Pan and Apollo were once engaged in a great musical competition on the flute and lyre, and King Midas was chosen as the referee. He gave his decision in favour of Pan, whereupon Apollo showed his appreciation of the king's judgment by changing his ears into ass's ears. He managed for a time to hide his long ears under his Phrygian cap, but one day his servant, while cutting his hair, discovered his royal master's changed appearance. The barber was oppressed by his secret, and could not keep it. So much did it prey upon his mind, that he dug a hole in the ground and whispered into it—"King Midas has ass's ears." The secret was not long buried, for there sprang upon the spot a reed which, every time the wind blew upon it, published the direful news—"King Midas has ass's ears." The history of this doubly unfortunate monarch well repays perusal. It would never do for me to sanction the modern apothegm that musical people are not the most harmonious in the world, but it is true that they sometimes play indifferent keys, or some one among them happens to be a little below concert pitch, and the result is discord. We do not have such musical duets as Pan and Apollo had, but we do frequently have very serious musical competitions and discussions, and you will have noticed that some one invariably comes out of the competition with ass's ears, and it is generally the third party who undertakes to express too strongly his opinion in favour of one or other of the contending artists or schools. And even at the risk of descending too much into detail, for the benefit of the gentlemen who have to submit to the weekly ordeal of listening to the clicking of the scissors about their ears, I will remark, *en passant*, that the man who cuts hair has not even yet learned how to keep secrets, but being without the implements to dig holes in the ground, he continues to pour into the unwilling ears of his victims all the deeply-hidden mysteries of the religious, political, commercial, and social worlds.

I have not, as yet, addressed any remarks specially to the members of our Society, and the ladies and gentlemen who are not members will, no doubt, pardon me if I briefly do so now; not, of course, grudging to any young man whatever benefit may accrue from what I am about to say. There come times in the lives of most men when they are, so to speak, at their wit's end as to how to proceed, and, probably, never more so than when they begin to indulge vague thoughts of a change of status. At such critica



periods it is sometimes well to have recourse to the lore of antiquity.

Read Petrarch's "Triumph of Love" (Anna Hume's translation), and see how all the gods and heroes had similar experiences:—

"For they appear not only men that love,  
The gods themselves do fill this myrtle grove:  
You see fair Venus caught by Vulcan's art,  
With angry Mars. Proserpina, apart  
From Pluto; jealous Juno, yellow-haired  
Apollo, who the young lord's courage dared," etc.

To be candid, however, I cannot recommend the classic deities as paragons of excellence as regards courtship; indeed, some of their methods are, positively, worthy of execration. I will select three typical courtships from mythology, which, I think, are not worthy of emulation. The first is that of Hercules and Omphale. Omphale was a queen of Lydia, and the mighty Hercules was so fond of her that he became her slave, as Samson did with Delilah. He put on her robe and walked humbly at her side, while she wore the lion's skin that he had worn; and, as a depth of all humiliation, he suffered himself to be beaten with her slipper. Now, Freshmen, it is probable that, in all the pride of your young manhood, you are resenting the assumption on my part that a caution against such courtship as that is in any degree opportune. But you must remember that Hercules far excelled all your feats in the gymnasium and on the field. Love defies all philosophy. The most manly sometimes become the most effeminate. Intellectual power, that moved the whole world, has capitulated to an auburn curl tossed on the head of a flippant, unreasoning damsel. Beware! There are some such inversions of the patriarchal order of things in the present day. I have not yet heard of any lover or husband submitting to be afflicted by the slipper of his adored, but I have heard, in vulgar parlance, of the wife wearing—not the lion's skin, but what, I suppose, would correspond to it.

(*To be continued.*)

A MCGILL MAN.

BY JAY WOLFE.

*Written for the UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.*

#### CHAP. IX.

"'Tis time short pleasure now to take,  
Of little life the best to make,  
And manage wisely the last stake."—*Cowley.*

"And now he has poured out his idle wind  
In dainty delices and lavish joys."—*Spencer.*

I love, and always shall love, the Lower St. Lawrence, and if my readers find me lingering over some bit of landscape or country drive rather more than is necessary for the story, I beg their forgiveness. The happiest days of my life and the most miserable have been spent among the Laurentian hills, and amid

these aged companions I have learnt humility and strength.

We were all on deck at an early hour in the morning, and amused ourselves by looking at the sunrise, the river banks—and shivering. Charley came up to me shortly before Clooney turned out, and said that he feared for Clooney's resolution, if Miss Mayflower was on the wharf at Murray Bay. "We must keep him off the deck when we arrive," he said.

I replied that if Clooney gave his word that he would accompany us, he would do so; and added—

"What do you say if we get off at Murray Bay? If we have a good time there, let us stay there; if we do not, we can continue our voyage. It does not matter much whether or not Clooney comes with us. Let him enjoy himself."

"Well," said Charley, "here he comes now. We'll have another talk about this later on. Hello! Clooney, how do you feel after your act of humanity of last night?"

Clooney was well muffled up in a fashionable spring overcoat, a soft felt hat upon his head, and looked the very picture of a traveller who knew how to take care of himself. He answered Charley lightly, and we turned to admire the scenery. There were no low banks now such as we had had the night before. From Montreal to Quebec the shores rise gradually, but steadily, to a steep bank, whose continuity is sometimes broken by wooded ravines, which, with the groves sprinkling the extensive plateau, enhance the loveliness of the scene. As we approach the city the plateau grows higher, rocks replace the soil, and the scenery becomes wild and grand. Finally, the plateau merges into hills, and the hills become mountains, in whose valleys nestle little villages, their white houses and tapering church spires glittering in the sun. And then—

"High on a throne of royal state,"

Quebec—the Gibraltar of America—swings into view.

Later in the day, when well on our journey below Quebec, Charley called a council of war, at which it was decided to stop over at Murray Bay, and try to get the Mayflowers to join our Saguenay party.

"Clooney, old boy," said Charley, "you are free. If, by chance, you see a pretty girl at Murray Bay, whose company you have had taste enough to prefer to ours, leave us. Jay and I will smoke the peace-pipe together, and, lo! you may join us when you will. There will always be an empty couch in our wigwam for you."

We reached Murray Bay between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, and debarked.

"Voulez vous un calèche?" cried the cabmen with one voice, as we mounted the steps at the wharf, Charley leading.

"Look out for your satchels," called Charley, "these rascals will take them before you know it."

One cabman clutched my arm and made some frantic grimaces, waving his arms about like windmills. Another sprang at Clooney, who threw himself into fighting attitude, dropping his valise as he did so. Instantly there was a scramble for it, and a tumbling, swearing mass fought over it, while Charley, planting his portmanteau between his legs, sat down



upon it and looked on, now encouraging Clooney in his efforts to recover his property, and now swearing in French at some urchin who tried to take him up, body and baggage. As for me, I followed Charley's example, but with less sang froid.

Clooney emerged from the dust of battle victorious, but with his coat open, his hat on the back of his head, and his collar and tie all awry. Amid Charley's applause he joined us, and we prepared to choose our vehicle. Pushing the cabman aside, Charley sprang into the driver's seat, having flung our traps into the body of the calèche, and ordered us to jump in. We climbed in with some trepidation, and, shouting out "Warren House," Charley lashed up the sturdy Canadian pony and bolted up the hill before the cabman had recovered from his astonishment.

The driver tore after us, but we out-distanced him, and arrived at the Warren House in grand style a few minutes later. Here Charley drew the animal up on his hind legs by sheer strength, for the animal was naturally as quiet as a cow, and jumped down.

Once more Clooney and I gingerly crawled out of the cradle on straps, which is called a calèche in this country. No sooner was Charley alighted than a few shrieks of delight echoed from the verandah, where the boarders were standing watching the new arrivals.

"Oh! Mr. Smithson, &c., &c.;" jealousy forbids me even now to repeat the endearing terms in which he was greeted, especially as he left us holding the satchels and looking like fools while he shook hands with his many friends. Then he began to introduce us all round to French and English, somewhat as follows:—

"Mrs. Smith, my friend Wolfe, a parrot glot—no, polly glot. Miss Lafraiche, Monsoon Blake, a perfect French scholar, also a McGill man. Miss Jones (an old maid of forty-seven summers), allow me to introduce my friends, Blake and Wolfe, both heart-breakers; look out for them. One will charm you with his thoughts, the other with his deeds. Mr. Blake has a peculiarity of dressing like a genius, as you see."

This was an allusion to Blake's appearance.

Having introduced us to enough ladies to entertain a regiment, Charley vanished into the hotel to make arrangements for rooms and a late dinner, to both of which, when ready, we devoted ourselves. Charley seemed to know every one in the house, even the babies, and his coming quite extinguished some dandies, who, on the strength of wearing men's apparel, which style of dress seemed to be a little scarce at Murray Bay just then, had been making conquest after conquest. However, as he knew even them, they did not sulk into corners and anathematize him, but greeted him with effusion. Mrs. and Miss Mayflower had gone to Cap L'aigle for a drive, and did not return until evening. Charley had tipped the head waiter to put us at their table, and we had the pleasure of meeting them at tea. Clooney and Edith, for so I will now call her, had much to say to one another, as I saw, and scarcely ate more than a consumptive butterfly. They did not dare to go out without the rest of us, and I really think they suffered more than they had ever done before in so short a space of time. Charley, in his good-natured

way, seized Mrs. Mayflower after tea, and entered into a most spirited conversation with her, thus allowing the young people to get away together, to get over that most pleasing of experiences to lovers—an explanation and reconciliation.

As for me, I took a solitary ramble by the beach, and if I saw a couple in the distance that resembled two I knew, I have no authority for saying that I did so.

Charley was not the man to waste his holidays in idleness. He had, on the first evening, almost talked Mrs. Mayflower into a Saguenay trip, and was certain that his next conversation on the subject would be conclusive and satisfactory. He inaugurated a dance, and several picnics and drives, and introduced several new out-door games. He was always able to tide over an idle moment.

The day after our arrival, we were lounging about the verandah, all amusements exhausted, when Miss Mayflower turned languidly to him and asked if he could not possibly suggest something to pass away the time. He rubbed his chin thoughtfully, looked about for inspiration, but where he could get inspiration in the scene was doubtful. A few lazy carters lined the street, and the only policeman the village could boast of leaned against our fence half asleep. Presently Charley chuckled.

"I have it," he said, and bolted into the house with a crowd of youngsters after him to see what he would do, for it was sure to be something funny.

In about a quarter of an hour he reappeared, surrounded by a group of gigglers. In his arms he held a long object enfolded in a black cloth. Taking his position in full sight of the calèchemen, he set the apparatus, which resembled a photographer's camera, on the ground, with its three legs extended. He was immediately surrounded, for his intense gravity betrayed his humorous intentions, and cautiously removing the black cloth brought to view a match-box, through one end of which a small telescope had been thrust, the whole being supported upon three walking-sticks tied together. A roar of laughter greeted this revelation, but unaffected by the mirth he waved them aside and amid deep silence turned the apparatus towards the unsuspecting calèchemen. They knew the form of a camera, and in their self-esteem imagined at once that he was about to take their photographs. Laboring under this delusion, they assumed all sorts of unnatural attitudes; one set his hat on one side of his matted head, folded his arms and tried to disguise the fact that one of his boots was a shoe. Another presented a side view to hide a big patch, but to be taken in full face twisted his head over one shoulder by which action he was compelled to assume a hideous grin. Several solemn faces peeped over the fence, some of the younger fry mounted their calèche, and one old white-haired fellow actually attempted to don a chocolate collar. But the acme of absurdity was reached when the policeman hurried across the street, and took up his position among the calèchemen. His hat leaned forward over one eye and every time he raised his hand to straighten it, a stern wave of Charley's hand caused him to desist. Now, Charley withdrew the piece of cardboard which hid the teles-



cope, and shouting "gruniez pas," held it aloft. Five, ten seconds passed, and the grins of the men became looks of anguish. The policeman's hat had reached his nose, and tilted up and down regularly with the contortions of that organ in endeavoring to keep it in place. The scene was too comical. A peal of silvery laughter broke the silence, and at once the whole verandah burst into an uncontrollable roar, amid which Charley gathered up the instrument and retired from the scene.

Charley was instrumental in getting up a concert with charades, which very nearly upset the harmony of the whole colony. Several old ladies undertook to take charge of the charades, and either from maliciousness or with a view of obeying all the rules of etiquette, got the lovers hopelessly mixed. Clooney had promised to assist, as also had Miss Mayflower, so that they could not withdraw after the parts had been assigned, though both were disgusted. Miss Mayflower was given the part of the heroine, to whom vigorous love was to be made by an ardent admirer of hers, whose name was not Blake. She had no wish to appear as a lover at all, while Clooney saw in the innocent (?) mistake of the old ladies a direct attempt to influence Miss Mayflower in his rival's favor. To make matters worse Edith was a girl who was determined to make a success of anything she undertook, and though extremely nervous and unwilling to act, once her word was given, she entered fully into the spirit of the part.

Clooney's moralizing on the iniquity of the stage and of amateur theatricals in general, were exceedingly interesting to me, although, when he woke me up at 2 A.M. to deliver them, I rather tired of them. Clooney had to make love to another girl in a second play, and this led to jealous zeal on his part to succeed in his rendition of the extremely sentimental speeches he had to make. The girl's mother, so realistic was his acting, had, I afterwards learnt, some notion of asking him his intentions. As with Clooney, so with several others, and more sarcasm, bitterness, and wrath was pent up in Warren's Hotel than would have served to make a new Carlyle.

At last the night of the entertainment arrived. Charley and I had managed to get a curtain up that might possibly stay up, but whose tendency was rather to come half way down, and stick there. We painted scenery ("impressionist scenery," Charley called it,) all one night, laying on the paint with a white-wash brush. The same scenes that served for a "drawing-room in an uptown house," answered, when turned upside down, for a "Pass in the Hartz mountains, with a waterfall in the distance."—(*To be continued.*)

### A PLEA FOR CLASSICS ! !

Arthur lived in the Townships, the particular hamlet does not matter, nor is it at all necessary to give his genealogical pedigree. He was a promising youth,—always promising, and is still promising—and was also a hard student, very hard. He could hardly study anything at all. His parents decided to send him to McGill. Arthur was deeply in love with a sweet damsel, with the sweet name of Jennie, and his de-

parture was anticipated by both the young lovers with many forebodings. The days wore on (what they wear is still undecided) till the clothes of the evening previous to the day set down for the journey into the great city, and the young lovers sat on a style. This is the fashion in the country. They encircled each other in loving fashion, and talked of their past joys, their present fears and their future hopes. A solitary tear was in Jennie's eye, and a heavy sob was on her lip, while away down Arthur's throat was a dreary sigh. It was a picture of Hearts and Sighlences. They kissed each other with one long kiss, which threatened to be adjourned till the next meeting. Then they parted.

### II

Arthur was at college, attending strictly to the many calls upon his time. He passed his primary with more good luck than knowledge, and was a full-fledged undergraduate and a very freshman. He applied himself to night studies assiduously, and his fevered brain soon became stored with curious lore. He soon knew all the intricacies of a straight flush, and the mysterious influence of a jack pot on the finances of a young nation. He understood thoroughly the pathology of alcoholic compounds, and had perseveringly experimented with nicotine in its various forms. He was thoughtful, too, of his Jennie, and wrote her pretty regularly, and read her loving, sweet replies. In her later letters, however, he noticed a jealous, sorrowful tone, which he could not understand.

### III

The session was over. Arthur returned to his father's cot. He hastened to Jennie's side. She received him coldly. Expostulations were useless. Explanations were in vain. Jennie was obdurate. "What have I done?" entreated Arthur. "Do not ask me," said Jennie. And Jennie left him, and never saw him more. And Jennie's people would have nothing more to do with Arthur. A month or so afterward, Jennie's father bought another farm in the next county, and emigrated to the foreign shores. Jennie married another. About three weeks after the wedding, Arthur met Jennie's brother, and after some hot words, the latter asked Arthur how it was that when he had been engaged to Jennie, he had loved another, and had had the cruel unkindness to write Jennie about it. "It is not true," vehemently protested Arthur, "it is not true; who was the young lady any way?" "Her name was Alma, I think," replied Jennie's brother; "but here is your letter, which says 'Dear Jennie, I love Alma Mater better than you, and you must not blame me;' that settles it" and off he went.

Arthur has now to content himself with Alma.

H. S.

### PHYSICAL CULTURE.

We are continually asking why certain things are so, and refuse to accept as an answer that it is because they have been so. And this is the question that is being asked about the facilities for physical culture at McGill.

The University acknowledges the necessity for such



culture, and makes a praiseworthy effort for its encouragement; but the payment of the fee is looked upon by students in the light of a duty, to say the least of it, and they consider the duty done when the fee is paid.

For the most part, situated as students are in Montreal, exercise for health is not a necessity, and certainly nothing but necessity could induce a man of active habits to enter a gymnasium where it is attempted to centre a man's interest in swinging clubs in an ill-ventilated room. In a gymnasium, theory as such should be reduced to a minimum, and the exercise indulged in should be of a nature somewhat sturdier than that which is said to be so desirable in the health-lift department of schools for girls.

There will be no lack of support for any gymnasium that offers facilities to men for exercising their muscles in such a way as their inclination points out, and if it is the inclination of the handful of men frequenting the McGill gymnasium to indulge in the exercise mentioned, those who do not attend are surely not censurable; and further, there is no reason why they should not be provided with the means of following their bent by indulging in an exercise that "stiffens the sinews, summons up the blood," gives precision of eye and accuracy of touch, and above all, which develops the higher qualities of courage, generosity and self-control. It might be thought that such skill would tend to an undue use of defensive weapons, but self-control is inculcated equally with hardening of muscle. However this may be, the members of the lusty young faculty of Science, with a few spirits from Arts and Medicine, have taken to themselves the paraphernalia of fencing, and are rapidly making themselves masters of the art. Handicapped as they are by supporting the movement without any external aid, and with no adequate quarters, they are following right methods and principles recommended by the best masters as transmitted by the pupils of Mitchell, of Toronto, and Baillie, of Halifax.

As far as it goes, there is no room for improvement in the management of the gymnasium connected with the University; but if the customary fee were expended in developing this movement under the supervision of the present efficient instructor, the object of the faculty would have been gained, where now it is not, and the men would be gratified by having the sanction of the Faculty in acquiring the manly art of self-defence, the latest and most literal applied science.

"P."

#### BOOK AND READING CIRCLES.

Somehow or other, it is difficult to get up a popular taste for reading in Montreal. Public libraries, especially free and circulating, have often been spoken of, but only in partial cases has the attempt met with any measure of success. It seems that we shall have to begin in a modest way, and thus gradually work upward. Perhaps a simple and cheap plan, described to me by a friend from St. Louis, Missouri, might be worthy of trial, especially as it has done very well in that flourishing city. They have formed there a Book

who each pay \$5 a year. Through a dealer they subscribe to quarterlies, monthlies and weeklies, up to the total of their funds. That makes about 12 publications in all—3 weeklies, 2 monthlies and one quarterly. These are parcelled out by the Secretary and prepared for circulation. On Saturday, a messenger is sent out to change the supply at each house. When each periodical has made the round of the Circle, it is returned to the Secretary, and fyled until the end of the year. An auction is then held, and every one desiring to procure an article read during the year, for a special purpose, can do so. The proceeds of the auction, or of fines, defray any surplus expenses of management. Beyond the outlay from the bookseller or news-dealer, the expense is slight. Some printing, paper wrappers and messenger's services cover it all. The advantages of this little scheme are obvious, affording the best of current reading at a nominal cost. The very same plan might be applied to books, which can be drawn from the Cheap Libraries, now so much in vogue, and comprising the cream of the literature of the day. A weekly or semi-monthly meeting of the members of the Circle might also be suggested, in which the contents of the books read could be discussed, and much information obtained thereby. I knew of a club of less than a dozen young men who went together through a course of Ancient and Modern History from the same two text books—each having a copy of the Ancient, and each of the Modern text-book or manual. They portioned off their work in periods of say 20 pages—each one reading that at home, annotating, tabulating, etc., as it suited him, and twice a week they met to recite the events of the period, compare notes and sift impressions. They used maps throughout, without which history is only half learned. The result was that, in three months, these young men had mastered the annals of the world, from the creation to our day.

JOHN LESPERANCE.

#### McGill News.

Dr. Barbour, Professor of Divinity in Yale College, addressed the Sunday Y.M.C.A. meeting a few weeks ago.

#### VISIT OF AN AMERICAN STUDENT.

McGill, in common with the colleges in Canada and the United States, received a visit from one of the two students who are presenting the question of foreign missions. The gentleman who came here was Mr. J. N. Forman, a graduate of Princeton, and now taking a theological course in Princeton Seminary. He held seven meetings in all during a stay of two days, meeting with theological and medical students separately, and also with students in general, at other times. No visitor has excited such intense interest before, so that we may expect that much greater attention will be given to Christian work in heathen lands. A number expressed themselves as willing and desirous to be and Reading Circle, consisting of twelve members,



foreign missionaries, twenty in all, two of whom were medicals, who will look forward to doing a medical missionary's work in the future. Others have been led to consider the question more earnestly, so that more will likely give themselves to this work. In Queen's College there are thirty, and in University College, Toronto, fifty, and in the States and Canada over twelve hundred, who at the present time intend to be foreign missionaries. This wonderful missionary movement in the colleges must result in an immense amount of good, both to the churches at home and the heathen abroad.

### PRESENTATION.

The famous Cook, janitor of the Medical School, was made the recipient of a purse last week, on the part of the students of the primary years in Medicine. The hero of the occasion received the address with condescension, and replied with dignity in the scholarly language subjoined, afterwards submitting to the ancient ceremonies of "elevation" and "bouncing".

Following are the address and Cook's reply:—

*To His Excellency, COOK, Lord Janitor of the Medical Department of McGill University Montreal, D.C., Grand Boiler of Bones, Supervisor of the Physiological and Chemical Laboratories, Coadjutor of the DEAN of the Faculty, Sole Proprietor of the Cellar, time-keeper of the Reading-Room clock, etc., etc., etc.*

*May it please your Excellency,—*

The students of the primary years in Medicine, in accordance with a custom, time-honoured and beautiful, are here assembled towards the close of the session, to present your excellency with an address and with a more substantial, though, in view of actual circumstances, paltry recognition of your excellency's endeavours to maintain this Medicine Faculty on that high plane on which it has always stood. We recognize, in truth, that but for your excellency's careful supervision, extending even to the most minute details, the energetic, though individual and disorganized efforts of your assistants—our staff of professors—would result in chaos. It is indeed superfluous to cite facts in proof of this assertion—where would our demonstrators be without the tow and bandages, our professors without chalk? Without your excellency's fatherly eye and omnipotent hand, what empty vanity our lectures would be! But these details are not what strike the observer most forcibly; it is in the harmonious working of the immense number of your subordinates, that he recognizes the influence of a gigantic mind; a mind that grasps with equal facility a knotty problem in carpentry, the intricacies of the "sphenoid" bone and the meaning of a negligently extended half-dollar.

We have heard with mingled feelings the announcement of your excellency's contemplated departure on a continental tour early in the coming summer. We anticipate with regret the departure of one whom we love and respect, and yet we view with joy the possibility of your excellency's meeting with janitors of other schools in Vienna, London and Paris, and there interchanging professional opinions on the momentous question of janitorship; on the treatment, say, of the nervous affection peculiar to freshmen, and recently organized professors. Few janitors, we believe, have their respective faculties so well whipped into line as your excellency, and we hope to see a decided change for the better in the management of these continental schools, consequent upon your visit thereto.

We desire your excellency to convey our respects to the lady janitor, and such embryo janitors that she may, in the course of human events, have presented you with, and we hope that the accompanying offering may tend to smooth the rugged martyr's path that you tread, by showing your excellency that, at least, we appreciate your endeavours in our behalf, and in behalf of the college which, thanks to you, has already to be tied by a

rope to the pinnacle of fame to prevent its going up out of sight.

C. L. Wheeler—*Pres. 2nd Year.*  
G. M. Campbell—*Pres. 1st Year.*  
W. S. England—*Collectors, 2nd Year.*  
Chas. P. Jento—*Collectors, 1st Year.*  
C. T. Noble.  
W. J. Delaney—*2nd Year.*

MARCH 2nd, 1887.

GENTLEMEN:—

I have to thank you once more for this very substantial expression of your unfailing appreciation of my efforts on your behalf in connection with the management of this institution. Year after year the student, who has been dunned all through the session for one thing or another, till his patience and his purse have both alike been sorely tried, still finds at the bottom of his pocket a stray half-dollar which he generously throws in to the janitor's fund.

Gentlemen, I can only reiterate what I said last year on a similar occasion, that I do all in my power to make each and every student at home in this college. I endeavour to give him every possible advantage in the prosecution of his studies, that he may do credit to himself and to the college when he enters into the sphere of active professional life. At the same time I have never lost sight of that grand maxim of the Roman Poet, "Mens sana in corpore sano" (a sound mind in a healthy body,) in accordance with which it has always been my earnest endeavour to provide, to the utmost of my ability, the creature-comforts which are the indispensable adjuncts to a life of hard, unremitting intellectual toil. In fact the National Policy holds good here as elsewhere; we encourage the student and protect his interests.

It is no doubt a difficult matter, gentlemen, for a person who occupies a position of trust, and is constantly brought into contact with a great number of people, to act always and everywhere to the satisfaction of everybody, and not at times to displease one while gratifying another. The very few complaints, however, that have been made to me this year by students are sufficient proof that my efforts to please the majority have been as successful as I could desire them to be.

On the other hand it is exceedingly gratifying to myself that I have had no complaints to make as regards any of the students for defacing or injuring the building in any way, or for improper behaviour, and I must congratulate the class on its gentlemanly bearing throughout the whole session. And if at any time I have appeared to be hard and inexorable in the discharge of any of my numerous duties, remember that I indulge the student as far as I can, and that with me it is "fortiter in modo," but "suaviter in re."

In conclusion, gentlemen, I hope you may all undergo the approaching ordeal with the success you deserve, and that you may equal and even excel your predecessors. May the success which you obtain here, attend you also in the stern battle of life, and, amid the all-engrossing cares of a rapidly-growing practice, may you never forget the pleasant halls of your Alma Mater.

### Personals.

We have received the business card of Messrs. McDonald and Ogilvy, Architects, Omaha. These are both McGill science men of '84, and great favourites while in college. We wish them great success.

One day, not far from Atlanta, a young man, after listening to a certain preacher pound and expound the Scriptures for two hours, arose and started to leave the church. The preacher stopped short. "Young man!" he said. The young man stopped. "If you'd rather go to hell than to hear me preach, just go on!" "Well," replied the young man, after a pause, "I believe I'd rather!" and out he went.



## O! FOOLISH HEART.

O! foolish heart, that flutter so  
 When he is near,  
 O! rosy blush, that come and go  
 With hope and fear,  
 Why do you to the world reveal  
 The love that I would fain conceal?

O! ears, that love to hear him speak,  
 O! downcast eyes,  
 Whose lashes droop upon each cheek,  
 Nor dare to rise,  
 Do you not know she sees and hears  
 Soft looks and words that cost me tears?

Be brave, mine heart, if he despise,  
 Give scorn for scorn,  
 Be deaf, mine ears, be blind, mine eyes—  
 Yet soul why mourn?  
 My love for him is all mine own,  
 She has the substance, that alone.

Montreal.

ARTHUR WEIR.

## Between the Lectures.

"Why!" exclaimed little Johnny, when he heard his father telling about somebody who was looking after the loaves and fishes. "that's just what mamma says about Uncle Henry." "Says about Uncle Henry?" repeated his father in astonishment; "What do you mean?" "Why, pa, don't you know," said Johnny; "mamma says Uncle Henry only loafs and fishes."

"Oh, George!" she exclaimed, catching her breath as she gazed out to sea; "there seems to be no limit to old Neptune's broad expanse; and the waves, George how playfully they gambol along the shore!"

"The waves are very foolish, dear," said George, with a sigh.

"How foolish?"

"To gamble where there is no limit."

The depths of wickedness to which even a Quaker child can sink make one readily believe in the doctrine of total depravity. Two little Quakers quarreled, and, after saying words to each other, one of them, in a tremendous burst of rage, with clenched fists and blazing eyes, shouted: "Thee's you." The other boy looked at him in horrified silence. Then he solemnly said: "I shall go and tell mother that thee swore."

Le Jones: "What in the world are you doing Porcine?" Porcine: "Cutting an account of a robbery out of a paper to show my wife." Le Jones (languidly): "Well, that's a queer proceeding." Porcine: "Not at all. You see, this house was robbed while its owner was at church." Le Jones (with sudden interest): "No! You don't mean it! Say! You haven't got another copy of that paper, have you?"

"Let any one," writes a *London Times* correspondent with Gen. Wolseley in Egypt, "smoke a pipe, cigar or cigarette in the stables, and the camel will follow the smoker about, place his nose close to the burning tobacco, inhale the fumes with a prolonged sniff, swallowing the smoke; then, throwing his head up, with mouth agape and eyes upturned, showing the bloodshot whites, will grunt a sigh of ecstasy that would make the fortune of a low comedian in a love scene."

"Martha, dost thou love me?" asked a Quaker

youth of one at whose shrine his fondest heart's feelings had been offered up.—"Why, Seth," answered she, "we are commanded to love one another, are we not?"—"Ah, Martha! but dost thou regard me with that feeling the world calls love?"—"I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth. I have tried to bestow my love on all; but I have sometimes thought, perhaps, that thou wast getting more than thy share."

AN old lady who assumes to know all about rheumatism interviewed the tormented writer of this paragraph, who had been a two-months sufferer, somewhat after this style: "Rheumatis is a inherited disease; you got this from your father or mother, didn't yer?" "Not that I know of." "Then you had it from yer grandfather?" "I think not." "Then you certainly got it from yer great-grandfather?" "No; there was no rheumatism known in my family history. Perhaps some of my ancestors may have been exposed to the heavy wet during the deluge." "Look here, sir!" exclaimed the old lady, "I didn't come here to be made fun of," and out she bounced.

## DID'NT BLAME THEM.

A COLLEGE PRESIDENT WHO SAMPLED HIS STUDENTS FAVORITE DRINK AND LIKED IT.

(From the *Boston Post*.)

When the Rev. Dr. Kirkland was president of Harvard College, Porter's famous hostelry in North Cambridge was a favorite resort, and many a merry party gathered in the cold winter days and nights about its roaring wood fires. One of the chief attractions of Porter's was the "flip," a delectable compound of a decided spirituous flavor, which acquired a characteristic "tone" by being heated with a hot iron. The farmers and drovers who frequented the noted hostelry were not the only customers for the flip; the college student keenly appreciated its attractions, and did not hesitate to brave the coldest weather to enjoy them.

Of course these practices did not escape the attention of President Kirkland, who resolved to ascertain for himself the nature of the beverage which the students indulged in. So he went up to the old hostelry and asked to see the landlord. Porter, who knew the president, was greatly disturbed, as he knew he should receive a severe rebuke from the head of the college for catering to the tastes of convivially-inclined students. "Mr. Porter," said Dr. Kirkland in a grave tone, "I understand my young men come up here and drink your flip." "Yes, sir;" replied the tavern-keeper in a voice which told how he deprecated the expected admonition, "they do." "Let me have some of that flip," said the dignified president. Whereupon a mug of the beverage was brought out and was tasted by Dr. Kirkland. Then, fixing a stern glance upon Porter, who almost trembled under it, the president said: "And my young men come out here and drink this stuff, do they?" "Yes, sir;" meekly replied the tavern-keeper. "Well," said Dr. Kirkland, draining the mug, "I should think they would."



## College World.

Three important libraries of deceased professors have lately been sold in Berlin: that of Professor Scherer, which was bought for 28,000 marks by an American university; that of the historian Waitz, which fetched 16,000 marks; and that of Professor Mullenhoff, which has been purchased for the new Germanische Seminar of the University of Berlin.

By the last report of President Eliot, it appears that the Library of Harvard College numbers about 240,000 volumes and about 233,000 pamphlets. Nearly 90 per cent of the undergraduates now use the library, an increase of between 30 and 40 per cent in the past ten years. The cataloguing of the library is progressing so steadily that it is not impossible that the end of the present year will see a list of all the bound books, by authors, completed. In intelligence and hospitality of administration the Harvard College Library and the Boston Public Library stand easily at the head of the great libraries of the country; that of Columbia College, New York, probably not far behind.

The new English House of Commons has reverted to the old type. No workingmen figure among the new members, whilst two of those returned to the last House have now disappeared—Mr. Arch, to wit, and Mr. Leicester. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that the proportion of public school and university men in the new House has increased. No less than 243 members—considerably more than a third of the whole—were either at Oxford or Cambridge; while, if graduates of London University and students at Trinity College (Dublin), Glasgow and Edinburgh are added, the number of university men is raised in all to 296. Of these, 150 were at Oxford, 93 at Cambridge, 20 at the Scotch Universities, and 16 at Trinity College, Dublin; while 17 graduated at London.

THE Jewish Theological Seminary of New York was opened on January 2nd. The ceremonies included addresses by the president, Mr. Joseph Blumenthal, Rev. S. Morals of Philadelphia, Rev. Dr. Kohut of New York, and several others. Already eight pupils have been accepted and enrolled, and this number will be increased as fast as the means and facilities of the seminary association will permit. All graduates will be required to have a secular collegiate education. Diplomas will be granted, and candidates for the diploma of rabbi will be required to compose a satisfactory thesis on a Talmudic subject or a subject from general Jewish literature. Five chairs will be established, namely a chair of Bible, a chair of Talmud, a chair of history, a chair of homiletics and a chair of philosophy. Rev. S. Morals has been elected to the presidency of the faculty. He has been over 35 years in Philadelphia, and is an able and learned gentleman, and a thorough exponent of the Jewish law. A permanent fund of \$100,000 is necessary, and congregations and individuals can join the association by becoming patrons or subscribers.

THE modern Greeks are, in one respect at least, aiming as high as the ancient Greeks; they are beginning

to conquer the world—the world at any rate of the east—by culture. A correspondent of the *Journal des Débats* gives some account in this connection of the great advance which higher education in Greece has made of recent years. There are thirty-three “gymnasias” in the kingdom, 200 secondary schools, and 1,717 primary schools. These are all public; among the private educational establishments, the first place must be given to the “Society for the Higher Education of Women,” in connection with which a lycee for girls was established a few years ago, with a staff of seventy-six teachers and 1,476 pupils. Greeks send their girls there from all parts of the east. Education is very liberally endowed in Greece; and the sums which Greeks settled in foreign countries send home for this purpose are very large. One result of course is that the Greeks are almost entirely in possession of the learned professions in Turkey. Illiteracy, too, is rare in the kingdom; in the most out-of-the-way hill countries you will see little scholars (says the correspondent from whom we are quoting) reading their Plutarch’s “Lives.”

One of the most absurd instances of ignorant aping of English customs on record comes from Harvard, where an ambitious student sent out invitations to a “wine,” having heard, it is to be supposed, that such festivities were the proper thing at English universities, and regaled his guests solely and uniquely upon iced sherry. Certain comments, however, were brought to his knowledge which seem to have awakened in his breast a doubt whether he had compassed the heights of the possibilities open to him in this line, and once more he issued cards for a “wine.” Thirty guests assembled, and on this occasion the cheer consisted entirely of brandy.

Determined to do his full duty as host at all hazards, the ambitious student began with great deliberation drinking with each guest separately. So far below the nobility of his intentions, however, was the strength of his wits that before he got half way round the circle he so far confused his “wine” with a torchlight procession that he poured a glass of brandy upon his hair and set it on fire. The party at once resolved itself into an amateur fire brigade, with some difficulty extinguished the host, put him to bed, and sent for a doctor. The incident, despite its brilliant nature and the originality it displayed, cast a gloom over the festivities, and the company dispersed with very little regard to the order of going.

THE comparative effects of college life upon the health of young men and young women are encouraging to the latter. In examining the tables of one year of excuses at Amherst and Vassar Colleges for absences on account of illness for three consecutive days and upwards, I found the average to each student in the former was 2.65, the latter 1.76 days. Wellesley gives an average of 2 days to each student, but this includes all days of illness. President Seeley writes that Smith College claims a lower percentage than Amherst, but has not records to show this. The records of President Bascom, of the University of Wisconsin, kept without the knowledge of students, in 1877, have been widely quoted. The ratio of excuses because of ill



health was one woman to three men. The President declares that the girls improve in health while at the university. He adds: "A young woman who withdraws herself from society, and gives herself judiciously to a college course, is far better circumstanced in reference to health than the majority of her sex."

At other co-educational institutions the records of the health of the young women compare favorably with those of the young men. Indeed, I believe that college life presents fewer risks to the girl than to the boy, inasmuch as in her case there is not the danger of being led into dissipations which so often with the latter prove disastrous to health as well as to morals and intellectual growth. With her, freedom from social exactions, regular habits, and enforced exercise (out-of-doors and in gymnasium), improved modes of dress, simple diet, the mental stimulus of her work, all tend to produce the combination, "a woman physically strong and mentally well balanced"—the kind of woman needed, wished for, hoped for, in every department of life.

### Correspondence.

*To the Editors University Gazette.*

DEAR SIRS,—Possibly the slight delay in the matter of the proposed Y.M.C.A. building has led some to think that the project has been dropped. This is not the case, however, as such arrangements have been made by the Building Committee, with the Committee of the Board of Governors, that the scheme can now be pushed rapidly forward. The Y.M.C.A. Hall will be built in connection with other buildings, such as a dining hall and a gymnasium, which will be placed on the ground lying between the east wing of the main building and the reservoir, and west of the medical college. It will be at the south end of this large combined building, separated from it by a wall, as in a terrace, and having its own entrance and basement. In the basement will be a good athletic dressing room, with baths: on the first floor a parlor and reading room: on the second floor a general meeting hall, and one or two small rooms for Bible classes and prayer meetings. The use of these rooms will not by any means be confined to members of the Association, but will be open to every member of the University; and will attempt to meet several of our wants, such as that of a proper dressing room for football and other sports, a pleasant social room for recreation, and a headquarters of Christian activity in the College.

This building will cost about ten thousand dollars (\$10,000). One thousand of this has been already subscribed by students. The ground waits for us, while we are getting the remaining nine thousand. If students will during the summer represent to their friends the claims of this effort, another thousand can easily be raised by them. As this project has been so enthusiastically taken hold of by the students themselves, the sympathy and support of graduates and friends of the University may reasonably be expected. Let a friend of McGill give a round ten thousand, and not only commemorate his generosity, but also help many a generation of McGill men in the years to come.

If a larger sum, such as \$25,000 can be raised, a finer and more serviceable building can be erected, probably on a better site.

Men in the junior years, if they do their duty, may expect to enjoy the advantages of this College fireside during their course. Some of us who will not be so fortunate commit our share to their hands, that they may carry the idea to its complete realization.

As the session is now well advanced, little more can be done than to make every preparation for a thorough canvass next fall.

Hoping that we shall receive the cordial support of the GAZETTE,

I am, yours sincerely,

JOS. K. UNSWORTH.

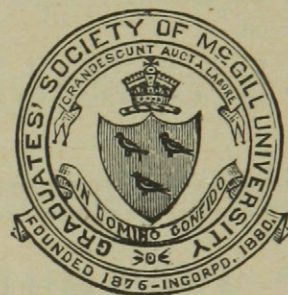
MONTREAL, March 9th, 1887.

## NOTICE.

### Graduates' Society

—OF—

MCGILL UNIVERSITY.



### Prize Competition for the Best Poem on the Queen's Jubilee.

A Prize of Fifty Dollars will be given by the Graduates' Society of McGill University for the best Poem on the Queen's Jubilee, to be read at the annual University Dinner on the 30th April, 1887.

The following Rules will govern:

1. The competition shall be open to any British Subject residing in Canada or elsewhere.
2. All manuscripts are to be addressed to the Secretary of the Graduates' Society, University Club, 8 University Street, and must be in his hands on or before the 15th April, 1887.
3. The writer's name must not appear on any part of the manuscript. Each manuscript must have a motto, which must also appear on the outside of a sealed envelope containing the writer's name and address.
4. The Judges will be Professor Moyse, Samuel E. Dawson, Esq., and Rev. Canon Norman, and their decision shall be final. The prize will be given only in case the Judges report that some one of the poems submitted is of sufficient merit to justify its being awarded.
5. All manuscripts shall belong to the Society, which reserves the right, besides that of reading the successful poem at the Annual University Dinner, of publishing the successful or any or all of the poems. No manuscript will therefore be returned.

ARCH. MCGOUN, JR.,

*President.*

WILFRID SKAIFE,

*Acting Secretary.*

MONTREAL, 26th February, 1887.



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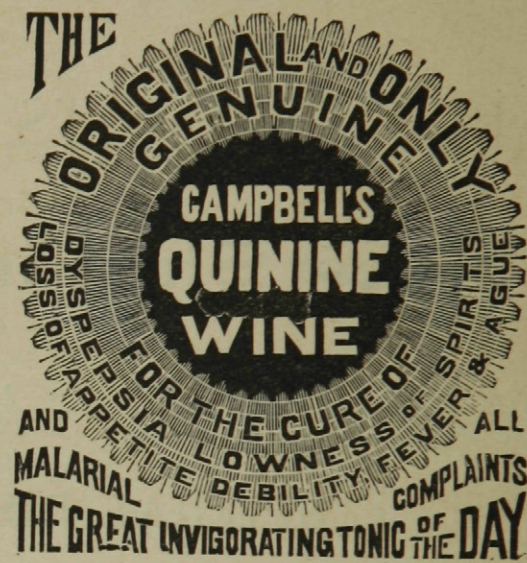
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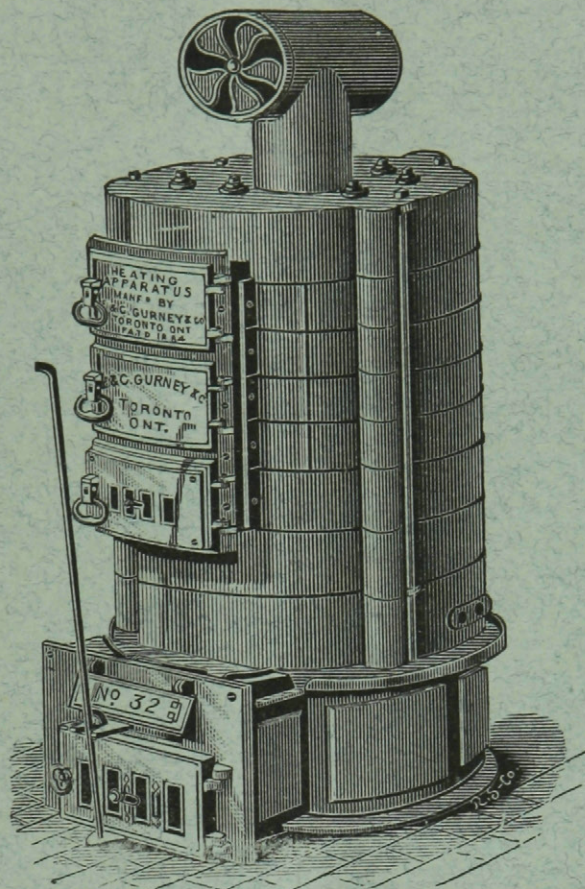
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